

THE Saturday Magazine.

No. 100.

JANUARY

25TH, 1834.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.



UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.



KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE.

KNARESBOROUGH, in the lower division of the wapentake of Claro, in the liberties of St. Peter and Knareborough, is seven miles from Boroughbridge, and eighteen miles west of York, pleasantly situated

on a cliff above the river Nid, which runs at the bottom of a deep dell. The Market-place is spacious; the sale of corn considerable; great quantities being brought many miles eastward, to supply a barren

tract extending far west. The manufacture of coarse linen has long flourished here, and the collieries, near Leeds, supply the place with coals.

It first sent members to Parliament in the first of Queen Mary, 1553, and has ever since returned two representatives. Its population, at the last census, was 5296.

The Castle occupied a most elevated situation, and, on the accessible side, was defended by a vast fosse, with strong works on the outside; the scattered ruins which still remain show it to have been a fortress of great extent. Among the ruins are part of the towers, and some semi-round buttresses; but the most perfect portion now remaining, is that represented in the engraving. This Castle was founded by Serlo de Burgh, who came into England with the Conqueror, and he was succeeded in his possession by Eustace Fitz-John, the great favourite of Henry the First. It afterwards came into possession of the crown, for it seems that King John granted it to William de Estoteville, for the services of the three knight's fees. In the succeeding reign, it was bestowed on the great justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, on payment of 100*l.* per annum into the Exchequer. In the reign of Edward the Second, it was in the family of the Vaux, or de Vallibus, but bestowed by that prince on his favourite, Piers Gaveston, whom he created Earl of Cornwall. On his death it reverted to the Crown, and continued attached thereto till 1371, when the castle, manor, and honour of Knaresborough, were granted by Edward the Third to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

In 1170, the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket, took refuge here, where they remained prisoners many months, but were some time after pardoned, on condition of their performing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. After the base treachery which Richard the Second experienced from the Earl of Northumberland, and his gallant son Hotspur Percy, that unfortunate prince was kept a close prisoner here, in an apartment still called the King's Chamber, till he was removed to Pontefract Castle, and there murdered by order of Henry the Fourth. In 1616, James the First granted this Castle to his son Charles.

It was a strong fortress during the Civil Wars, and made great resistance against the Parliamentary forces. After the battle of Marston Moor, the townsmen most gallantly defended it against Lord Fairfax, and, though at last compelled to surrender, it was on the most honourable terms that the garrison laid down their arms. Not long after this, it was, with many other castles, by order of the House of Commons, rendered untenable. The site of the castle, commands a most beautiful view of the river, church, part of the town, Coghill Hall, dropping-well, bridge, woods, &c. The keep was large, and consisted of three stories. From an east view of it, the dismantled towers, and dilapidated arches, are finely picturesque; but the whole is fast falling into decay. Near the centre, in a part of the ruins, are the court-house and prison for the liberty of the forest of Knaresborough.

J. R.

To prize every thing according to its *real* use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation: "How many things are here which I do not want."—Dr. JOHNSON.

THE HOUSE SPARROW.

"WHAT between the sparrows and the parson, I see there will be no corn left for me!" said a grumbling old farmer, as he leaned over the gate to view his field of wheat, now nearly ready for the sickle. But I am not going to write an essay on tithes, or to enter upon a defence of the parsons, for taking what is their just and undoubted property. My business at present is with the sparrows.

These birds are accused of eating the corn, and destroying the fruit and the vegetables; and accordingly a reward of so much per dozen, for their heads, is offered and paid by the churchwardens in many parishes. The accusation is perfectly just; the sparrows do eat the corn, and commit depredations in the garden and orchard. I do not mean to deny that. All that I contend for, is, that they also do some good, and make ample compensation for the injury they commit, by the beneficial services they perform for us. They are the destroyers of immense numbers of insects, which would multiply to a prodigious and alarming extent, if their increase were not checked by these and other birds which prey upon them.

It has been calculated, from actual observation by an intelligent naturalist (see Introduction to Bewick's *History of Birds*), that "a single pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy about four thousand caterpillars weekly, they likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be productive of several hundreds of caterpillars."

There are people to be found, who will not scruple sometimes to murmur against Providence, and to fancy, that it would have been much better for the world, if this or that animal, which they in their ignorance are pleased to consider altogether useless, or even noxious, had never been created. So, probably, thought our friend the farmer, when he saw the sparrows feeding on his wheat. Now, this is, in effect, "charging God foolishly," and presuming, that we ourselves know better, and could have better ordered the world, than the all-wise Creator himself, who has pronounced of all His works, that they "were good." It seems to have been an object in the Divine mind, to create a vast multiplicity of different living beings. Hence the earth, the water, and the air, are all furnished with a countless variety of animals.

"All nature teems with life."

And much good, no doubt, upon the whole, results to man, and in many ways, from such a scheme of things as this, which we find around us. But then, to go on as it ought to do, without disturbing the economy of nature, every thing must be kept within its proper limits—nothing either diminished or increased *out of due proportion*. If, for example, the sparrows (which are a most prolific race), had no enemies to keep down their numbers, but were to multiply a thousand fold, they would, indeed, become a pest and a scourge, by destroying the greater part of our corn and fruits. If, on the other hand, the race were to be utterly destroyed, and there were no sparrows or other like birds left, then the caterpillars and insects would increase upon us, and would injure us to an equal extent, in another way. But as things now are, the proper balance is preserved, one animal is a check against the over-increase of another; the sparrows prey upon the caterpillars, and other animals prey upon the sparrows. Thus the machine of nature is kept in proper order—works well, and as it was meant to do.

Here then is a palpable case; at least, we can understand the good effected by the sparrows clearly enough, when it is once pointed out to us. No doubt, if we were thoroughly acquainted with the habits and manners of other animals, we should be able to discover some corresponding benefits resulting from them also. The lesson to be learned, then, is no less than this; not rashly to infer, even of the meanest creature which comes from the hand of God, that it was created for no good end, or serves no good purpose in the general plan of Providence. When we come to search, and to inquire, and take time to examine things a little below the surface, we find that we are able to see the use of some animals, which are almost universally accounted useless or pernicious. Judging, therefore, of like things by like, we may well believe as much in the case of others, whose natural history is nearly, or altogether, unknown to us, remembering always, that "manifold" as are "the works of God," in wisdom has He made them all.

The following remarks relating to the sparrow, extracted from the *Journal of a Naturalist*, are so just and beautiful, that they cannot but be read with pleasure and advantage.

B.—r.

"We have no bird, I believe, more generally known, thought of, or mentioned with greater indifference, perhaps contempt, than the common sparrow (*fringilla domestica*), 'that sitteth alone on the house-top;' yet it is an animal that nature seems to have endowed with peculiar characteristics, having ordained for it a very marked provision, manifested in its increase and maintenance, notwithstanding the hostile attacks to which it is exposed. A dispensation that exists throughout creation is brought more immediately to our notice by the domestic habits of this bird. The natural tendency that the sparrow has to increase will often enable one pair of birds to bring up fourteen or more young ones in the season. They build in places of perfect security from the plunder of larger birds and vermin. Their art and ingenuity in commonly attaching their nests beneath that of the rook, high in the elm, a bird, whose habits are perfectly dissimilar, and with which they have no association whatever, making use of their structure only for a defence to which no other bird resorts, manifest their anxiety and contrivance for the safety of their broods. With peculiar perseverance and boldness, they forage and provide for themselves and their offspring; will filch grain from the trough of the pig, or contend for its food with the gigantic turkey; and, if scared away, their fears are those of a moment, as they quickly return to their plunder; and they roost protected from all the injuries of weather. These circumstances tend greatly to increase the race, and in some seasons their numbers in our corn-fields, towards autumn, are prodigious; and did not events counteract the increase of this army of plunderers, the larger portion of our bread-corn would be consumed by them. But their reduction is as rapidly accomplished as their increase, their love of association bringing upon them a destruction, which a contrary habit would not tempt. They roost in troops in our ricks, in the ivy on the wall, &c., and are captured by the net: they cluster on the bush, or crowd on the chaff by the barn-door, and are shot by dozens at a time; or will rush in numbers, one following another, into the trap. These and various other engines of destruction so reduce them in the winter season, that the swarms of autumn gradually diminish, till their numbers, in spring, are in no way remarkable. I have called them plunderers, and they are so; they are benefactors, likewise, seeming to be appointed by nature as one of the agents for keeping from undue increase another race of creatures, and by their prolificacy they accomplish it. In spring and the early part of the summer, before the corn becomes ripe, they are insectivorous, and their constantly-increasing families require an unceasing supply of food. We see them every minute of the day in continual progress, flying from the nest for a supply, and returning, on rapid wing, with a grub, a caterpillar, or some reptile; and the numbers captured by them in the course of these travels are incredibly numerous, keeping under the increase of these races, and making ample restitution for their plunderings and thefts. When the insect race becomes

scarce, the corn and seeds of various kinds are ready, their appetite changes, and they feed on these with undiminished enjoyment.

"We have scarcely another bird, the appetite of which is so accommodating in all respects as that of the house sparrow. It is, I believe, the only bird that is a voluntary inhabitant with man, lives in his society and is his constant attendant, following him wherever he fixes his residence. It becomes immediately an inhabitant of the new farm-house, in a lonely place or recent enclosure, or even in an island; will accompany him into the crowded city, and build and feed there in content, unmindful of the noise, the smoke of the furnace, or the steam-engine, where even the swallow and the martin, that flock around him in the country, are scared by the tumult, and leave him: but the sparrow, though begrimed with soot, does not forsake him; feeds on his food—rice, potatoes, or almost any other extraneous substance he may find in the street; looks to him for his support, and is maintained almost entirely by the industry and providence of man. It is not known in a solitary and independent state."

EVEN the best things, ill used, become evils, and contrarily, the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue used to deceit; a good wit, used to defend error; a strong arm to murder; authority to oppress; a good profession to dissemble; are all evil. Even God's own word is the sword of the spirit, which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise, (as poisons are used to wholesome medicine,) afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings. —BISHOP HALL.

THE Arabians recommended patience by the following proverb: "Be patient, and the mulberry-leaf will become satin."

"If," said John Herries, "misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live, and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends, (and kindred,) live, to bless and protect them. If you hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it."

EVERY man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up, when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

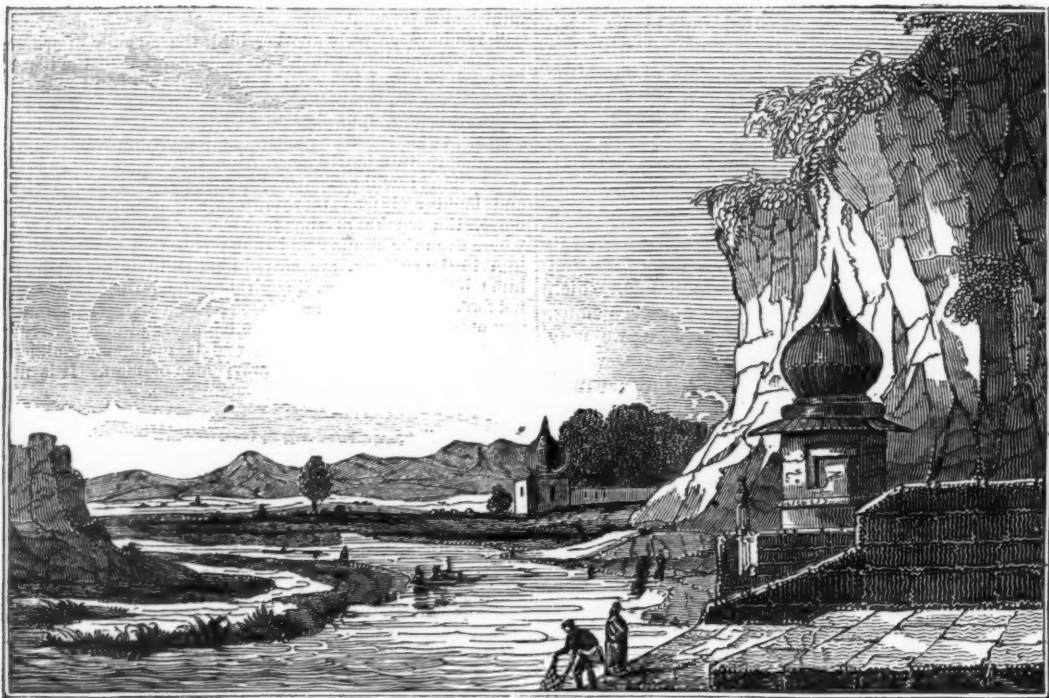
WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, AFTER A STORM.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it passed through each murmuring shroud.
My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,
"Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day!"

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,
Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful, to bear,
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

W. L. BOWLES.

EAST INDIA STATIONS. No. III.—ETAWAH.



THE GHAT (OR LANDING-PLACE) OF ETAWAH.

WE have already given accounts of Cawnpore* and Agra†, two of those cities of India which are called Mofussil Stations, and are inhabited by our countrymen; we now proceed to draw attention to a third—Etawah, or, as it is sometimes written, Etaya:—and we are the more disposed to do so, not so much on account of any thing very remarkable in the place itself, as because it gives us an opportunity for calling to mind some of the inconveniences to which many of our countrymen in India are exposed, whilst we at home reap the advantage of their presence in those distant regions. By considering their situation, we may, perhaps, be led also to set a higher value on the happy freedom from such inconveniences which we, who remain in this our native land, are allowed to enjoy.

A very large portion of the central part of India is remarkable for its high state of cultivation, and for its extraordinary fertility. With the exception, perhaps, of the country watered by the great river of China, it may be considered as the finest and most fruitful of any on the face of the earth. Almost the whole of its immense surface forms one continued level plain of nearly unvarying richness, and over which majestic rivers pursue their slow and fertilizing course.

Generally, throughout that vast and extensive plain, the progress of cultivation has effectually rooted out the original and native productions of the land, and introduced in their place, plants and grains better suited for the support and use of man. Amongst these are such solid, rich, and profitable articles, as are produced by the strong heat of the sun acting upon a deep, fertile, and well-watered soil: as rice, for instance, the staff of life in the East; sugar, that luxury which is now so generally used; opium, which is there so highly prized; indigo, the most valuable substance employed in dyeing; and in drier tracts, cotton, which chiefly clothes the inhabitants of the East.

* Vol. II. p. 217.

† Vol. III. p. 73.

But, in spite of every human effort, some tracts are left uncultivated; and in these, under the joint influence of the moisture from the rivers, and the intense beating of the sun upon the soil, nature, if we may so say, works so powerfully, as to baffle all attempts to bring them under the spade or the plough. She there, as it were, riots in unbounded luxuriance, and covers extensive regions with that dense, dark, and impenetrable mass of wild foliage and rank vegetation, crowded and twined together, which is called *Jungle*, and which opposes an almost impassable barrier, even to an army. Trees spreading their branches, like gigantic arms, on every side; thorny and prickly shrubs, of every size and shape; canes, shooting, in a few months, to the height of sixty feet; with the beautiful silky jungle-grass, which rises to between eight and ten feet, and in which those who enter it are in danger of being buried and lost; compose the chief materials of those wild regions.

And it is in the midst of one of these uninviting tracts that Etawah is situated. It stands upon the north-east side of the river Jumna, and is distant fifty-two miles from Agra, and ninety-six from Cawnpore. In the days of the Moghul power, the native city was a flourishing place, the abode of Omrahs and grandees belonging to the imperial court: but, with the downfall of the Moslem dominion, it has sunk into insignificance, and possesses few, if any, attractions, excepting to the artist, who cannot fail to admire a splendid *ghaut*, or *mountain-pass*, (i. e. landing-place,) which is one of the finest on the river Jumna, and several picturesque buildings, which, however, are now fast falling into decay. The military cantonments which are in the neighbourhood, are peculiarly desolate, and display, in full perfection, the dreary features of a jungle-station. Half a dozen inhabitable bungalows or villas lie scattered upon a wide sandy plain, which is nearly without trees of any kind; and they are intermixed with the ruins of others, which were built for the

accommodation of a larger garrison than is now considered necessary to secure our possession of the place. A single wing of Sepoys, as they are called, that is, native Indian soldiers, is deemed sufficient for the post. The few Europeans, who remain here for their appointed three years' service, have ample opportunity of learning how to exist on their own resources.

The bungalows of Etawah, though not quite in their primitive state, are of a very rude and rough description, and present but few comforts in the construction. But the chief annoyances to which this and other jungle-stations are exposed, arise from other sources than the character of the dwellings themselves. In large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes of animals, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen. Squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, may form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, however, the intercourse between the native brute creation and their human neighbours, is of too close a nature to be very agreeable. If the doors are left open at night, on account of the heat, moveable lattices, called *jaffrys*, must be put in their place, to keep out the wolves and hyænas, who then take the liberty of traversing the verandahs; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The *chopper*, or thatch of the bungalow, affords a commodious harbour for occupants of many kinds; wild cats; *ghosaumps*, a reptile of the lizard-tribe, as large as a sucking pig; with several others, take up their abode amidst the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These unwelcome lodgers are, indeed, divided from the human inhabitants of the house, by a cloth stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall, which forms the ceiling; and, as long as it is preserved in good repair, it secures them from the actual intrusion of the tenants of the upper story. But the noise which the intruders create, especially during the night-time, is a sufficient annoyance, without any closer acquaintance with them. Sometimes this noise is beyond conception, and when it is considered, that all this is in addition to a concert, which, in those wild and desolate regions, usually takes place at night,—wherein the treble is sustained by crickets, whose lungs far exceed in power those of our hearths in Europe; the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads; and the chorus is filled up by the bugle-horns of the mosquito flies, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk-rats; whilst it is not uncommon to be roused by the yells of a wandering troop of jackals, each apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour,—we may easily believe, that a quiet night, difficult of attainment in all parts of India, is almost hopeless in the jungles.

Yet, even amidst all these unpleasing circumstances, sleep may be won, and not wooed in vain. Habit may do much for man, in enabling him to bear inconveniences. And fortunately the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a safe retreat from all these disagreeable invaders. The couch, or bed, occupies the centre of the floor, and is raised to a considerable height from the ground: whilst the mosquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without; so that the wearied occupant may rest and sleep in sufficient security.

Nor are these stations altogether without their peculiar advantages. The noisome broods, nurtured in the desolate places around Etawah, have not, it is

true, yet been taught to fly from the abode of the European; but, to counterbalance the annoyance which their presence occasions, the brighter and more beautiful inhabitants of the jungles fearlessly approach the lonely bungalow. In no other part of India, with the exception of the hill-districts, are more brilliant and interesting specimens of birds and insects to be seen. Here extremely small brown doves with pink breasts appear, amidst every variety of the common colour, whilst green pigeons, blue jays, crested wood-peckers, together with an infinite number of other richly-plumed birds, glowing in purple, scarlet, and yellow, flock around. The lover of natural history may here luxuriate in a most ample field for the pursuit of his studies, and need scarcely go beyond the gardens to find those feathered wonders which are described, though as yet but imperfectly, in books on the subject. Here the lovely little tailor-bird (see *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 172) sews two leaves together, and swings, in his sweet-scented nest, from the bough of some low shrub. The fly-catcher, a very small and slender bird, of a bright-green hue, is also an inhabitant of these gardens, together with a most diminutive little bird, of a white and pale-brown plumage, with a tail composed of two long feathers, resembling the bird of Paradise. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the brilliant colours of those birds which collect in large flocks; the ring-necked parquets in their evening flight, as the sun declines, show rich masses of the green; and the *byahs*, or crested-sparrows, whose breasts are of the brightest yellow, look like clouds of gold as they float along; and numbers of water-birds feed on the banks of the neighbouring Jumna.

Such situations as Etawah are remarkable for the splendid and beautiful flowers which there abound in the utmost luxuriance. The oleanders, which are common all over India, are the pride of the jungles, spreading into large shrubs, and sending forth their delicious perfume from clusters of pink and white blossoms. The baubool also breathes from its bells of gold, a scent of the most exquisite nature, for the delicacy of which it is highly prized by Europeans, above the jasmine and other flowers there of a too-powerful perfume. The sensitive-plant grows in great abundance in the gardens of Etawah, spreading itself over whole borders; and so deserving is it of its name, that the touch of a single leaf will occasion all those of a whole parterre to close and shrink away, nor will it recover itself again till several hours afterwards. Equally curious, and less known, is the property of another beautiful inhabitant of these regions; the tree is one of a considerable growth, and its flowers are nearly of the size of the pæony; these flowers blow in the morning, and are then of the purest white; they then gradually change, passing through every shade of red, until, as the evening advances, they become of a deep crimson, and falling off at night, are renewed in their bridal attire the following day; when gathered and placed in a vase, they display the same changes, and it is amusing to watch them, from their first faint tinge deepening into darker and darker hues.

But, in addition to this, around every shrub, butterflies, of various tints, sport and flutter, each species choosing some particular blossoms, so that one plant will be surrounded by a host of blue-winged visitants, whilst the next is radiant with amber or scarlet. Immense winged grasshoppers, whose whole bodies are studded with emeralds which no jeweller can match; shining beetles, bedecked, as it were, with amethysts and topazes, and others, which look like

spots of crimson velvet, add to the beauty of the scene.

It is unfortunate that beauty of prospect cannot be generally found in India, joined with the advantages of situation required for the performance of military duties. While nothing can be more ugly than the tract marked out for the cantonments of Etawah, the ravines into which it is broken, at a short distance from them, leading to the Jumna, are exceedingly picturesque, affording many striking landscapes. The sandy winding steeps, on either side, are richly wooded with the *neem*, the *peepul*, and a species of the palm, which, in the upper provinces, always stands singly, and is more beautiful than when growing in whole groves. Sometimes an opening presents a wide view over a wild jungle; at others it gives glimpses of the Jumna, whose blue waters sparkle in the beams of the rising or setting sun. These ravines can be traversed only on horseback, or upon an elephant, and they must be visited by day-break to be seen to advantage. However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly enjoyed as in the climes of the East, where, from its affording such a contrast to the subduing heat of the burning noon, it is regarded as a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage of the trees, the vivid hue of the flowers then opening their variegated clusters to the rising sun, the joyous matins of the birds, and the playful gambols of the wild animals, as they rise from their dewy couches, tend to enliven and exhilarate the spirits, and afford the most grateful sensations to the mind.

Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their nests on high, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being sometimes on the same tree. The smaller birds, in all their varied forms and hues, actually crowd the branches; the crow-pheasant chirrs up as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes, whilst flocks of paroquets issue screaming from their woody coverts, and spreading their emerald-green plumes, soar up till they are lost in the golden sky above.

At the early dawn, the panther and the hyæna may be seen escaping to their dens; the antelope springs up, and bounds across the path; the nyghau scours over bush and brier, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or erects his quills in wrath; and innumerable smaller animals, as the beautiful little blue fox; the civet, with its superb brush; and the humble mungoose; make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's bank, the Brahmin ducks hover above, and huge alligators bask on the sand, stretched in profound repose, or watching their prey.

The gardens of Etawah, though not of course so well cultivated as those at the larger stations, are extensive and well planted; and afford an agreeable retreat during the short period of day-light which the heat of the climate will permit to be spent in the open air. Their productions are also most valuable. Sweet lemons, limes, oranges, and citrons, offer, in addition to their superb blossoms and delicious perfume, fruit of the finest quality; and grapes, from the way in which they are trained, not only give beauty to the plantation, but afford a most grateful luxury at the very period of the year (that of the hot winds to which India is so much exposed) in which they are most acceptable. The melons, which grow to a large size, and are most valuable, are

procured in great abundance, chiefly from the native gardens on the banks of the Jumna, as they flourish on the sands which border on that river. Mangoes and jacks, besides those which grow in gardens, occupy large plantations, and, as well as custard-apples, plantains, and guavas, are left to the cultivation of the natives. The seeds of European vegetables are sown after the rainy season, and come to perfection during the cold weather; green peas, cauliflowers, and Cos lettuce, appear at Christmas, bearing, without injury, night-frosts, which would kill them in their native climes.

From this description of a jungle-station, we may perceive a proof, that as on the one hand, there is no situation in the world without its disadvantages and inconveniences, so on the other are there few, if any, where a good Providence has not counterbalanced what is unpleasant with some, if not many, appropriate comforts.

D. I. E.

[Chiefly abridged from an article in the *Asiatic Journal*.]

I ONCE found, says Gilpin, in the New Forest in Hampshire, an ancient widow, whose little story pleased me. Her solitary dwelling stood sweetly in a dell, on the edge of the forest. Her husband had himself built it, and led her to it, as the habitation of her life. He had made a garden in the front, planted an orchard at one end, and a few trees at the other, which, in forty years, had now sheltered the cottage, and almost concealed it. In her early youth, she had been left a widow, with two sons and a daughter, whose slender education (only what she herself could give them) was almost her whole employment: and the time of their youth, she said, was the pleasantest time of her life. As they grew up, and the cares of the world subsided, a settled piety took possession of her mind. Her age was oppressed with infirmity, sickness, and various afflictions in her family. In these distresses, her Bible was her great comfort. I visited her frequently in her last illness, and found her very intelligent in Scripture, and well versed in all the Gospel topics of consolation. For many years, she every day read a portion of her Bible, seldom any other book;

Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true;
And in that charter read with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.—COWPER.

When she met with passages she did not understand, at one time, or other, she said, she often heard them explained at church. This little story shows how very sufficient plain Scripture is, unassisted with any helps except such as are publicly provided, to administer both the knowledge, and the comforts of religion even to the most unlearned.

THOUGHTS ON A WELL-SPENT LIFE. BY ROGERS.

LIGHTER than air, Hope's visions fly,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight,
Pour round his path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

SEE a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on its cheek, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sets upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, by their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and, whether she grants or refuses, whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence; so it watches over us, comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers; or, if seeming to deny a blessing, it grants one in the refusal.

PROVERBS. I.

A PROVERB is an instructive sentence, in which more is generally meant than expressed; and, as it is designed for the purposes of daily life, its use extends to the high and humble, to the learned, as well as to him who is no scholar. It owes its origin to the sayings of wise men, whether sages or poets; it is sometimes taken from the customs of particular countries, and the manners of mankind; it is plainly but pleasantly stated, and is not the worse for requiring some consideration in the hearer or reader to apply it; but the best proof of its goodness, is its striking the mind with its truth, and thence causing resolutions of improvement in knowledge and conduct.

The oldest and best writer of Proverbs, Solomon, says, *A word spoken in due season, how good is it!* (Prov. xv. 23.) A mere hint dropped in conversation, by throwing a strong light upon any subject, has often given a person new views of its importance, and led him to a careful course of study, or withdrawn him from a path which was not right nor wise: and this may be more especially the case, with a well-timed proverb, containing the essence, as it were, of a volume, and charming us, not only by its wisdom, but by its singularity. It is well said by the inspired writer, *In due season*; for there is no small art in applying proverbs properly. When duly directed to a point in question, they convince and delight; when used frequently and vulgarly, they only create disgust.

Good proverbs deserve a respectable place in the literature of a country: they are not to be reckoned silly trifles, unfit for people of education, or for those beyond a certain age; the fact is, the most learned among the ancients, both of Greece and Rome, studied them, and handed them down to after-generations, as the guides of human life; and most of the "seven wise men of Greece *," are now only known by one proverb each. The best known and most popular of these sentences was considered a treasury of good sense. It was first uttered by Solon; but a Roman poet, struck by its force, declared that it must have come down from heaven. The two Greek words which formed it, (pronounced *Gnōthi seauton*, or, *KNOW THYSELF*;) were written in letters of gold, in the porch of one of the Grecian temples; and the lesson, when thoughtfully weighed, may be of value even to us, who are so much better taught by Christian precepts.

But we need scarcely dwell on the dignity of proverbs, when it is remembered, that a collection under that name, composed by an enlightened king, makes a part of the Sacred Scriptures. It is recorded of the wise son of David, that *he spake three thousand proverbs*; and that *he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, as well as, of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes*. For his Proverbs which remain to us, we have reason to be thankful, as they form a storehouse of true wisdom. In addition, however, to this highest class of proverbs, with which we trust our readers are well acquainted, (for they were, in the full meaning of the words, "written for our learning;") there are wise and pithy sayings, not referring to Religion and morals only, but likewise useful for the purposes of life, as affording advice on health, diet, comfort, good husbandry, weather, &c. To points like these, it is beneath no man's notice to attend, for the sake of information, if not in all cases of practice.

* These were Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Periander, Cleobulus, and Thales; all of whom flourished between five and six hundred years before the Christian era.

A book of proverbs in this mixed and general style, was put forth, more than a hundred years since, by the famous English naturalist, John Ray, from whose work, as the ground of our plan, we propose to cull certain sentences for this Magazine. Ray's book, though its object was praiseworthy, cannot on the whole be recommended. Besides that its contents are in many parts unfit for general reading, the learned author seems to have heaped together all the old "saws," whether "wise" or not, and all the "modern instances" that happened to come in his way, and to have strung at random the precious gems, in company with the worthless beads. Throwing aside the latter as they occur, we shall use the best judgment we have, in choosing some of the genuine "pearls" and "rubies," though often set in a homely manner; and thus hope to offer to the candid reader of our pages, a collection of proverbs, which, while they are many of them cheerful and pleasing, will in no case, we trust, prove *contrary* to the spirit of that Wisdom, which is described as "an ornament of grace unto the head, and chains about the neck." In attempting this, we shall occasionally add Ray's notes as well as some of our own, towards explaining or illustrating what has gone before.

The proverbs will generally be alphabetical.

1. ADVERSITY makes a man wise, not rich.

The French have a saying, "The wind in a man's face makes him wise." If to be good be the greatest wisdom, certainly affliction and adversity make men better.—So the Psalmist: *It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes*. Ps. cxix. 71.

2. AGREE, for the law is costly.

This is good counsel backed with good reason; the charges of a suit many times exceeding the value of the thing contended for. The Italians say to this effect; "A *lean agreement* is better than a fat sentence."

3. There is no ALCHEMY like saving.

This teaches the benefit of provident behaviour, and of taking proper care of honest earnings. And while it glances sharply at the folly which once led some people to seek for the art of turning things into gold by *Alchemy*, or *Chemistry*; it passes a severe, but just censure, on men who try by gambling, or any undue and sudden means, to jump into a large property. Experience shows such steps to be wrong, by their constant failure. The wise king powerfully touches this evil.—*He that HASTETH to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him*. Prov. xxviii. 22.

4. We shall lie all ALIKE in our graves.

What a lesson of charity and humility!

5. ALMOST, and very nigh, saves many a lie.

The meaning of this word almost having some latitude, men are apt to stretch it to cover untruths. In relating any thing extraordinary, it is better, in case of doubt, to be within, rather than beyond the line of fact.

6. ANGER dieth quickly with a good man.

7. He that is ANGRY is seldom at ease.

8. ANGRY men seldom want woe.

9. He that is ANGRY without a cause, must be pleased without amends.

10. For that thou canst do thyself rely not on ANOTHER.

They who leave to another, or to an uncertain tomorrow, that which they can themselves do at once, need not hope for success. Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar, were noted for their ready despatch of work. We quote these famous men, because they might clearly have left to others many things that they chose to do for themselves.

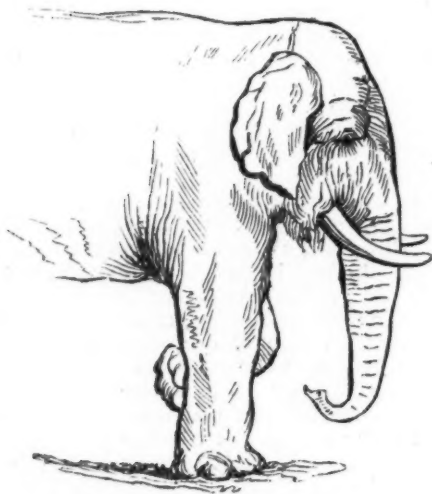
11. Scald not your lips in ANOTHER man's pottage.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.—Prov. xxvi. 17.

GAY says:—Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

M.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF ANIMALS.



SUPPORT OF THE HEAD OF THE ELEPHANT.

WHEN we stoop forward, as in reading a book which lies on the table, we may feel a ligament extending from the projecting part of the spine, between the shoulders, to the back part of the head. It suspends the head, and relieves the muscles. But as man generally carries his head erect, this ligament is not to be compared in strength with the corresponding part in quadrupeds, where, from the horizontal position of the spine, the head always hangs. It is long and strong in the horse; and the admirable thing is, the accurate adjustment of the elasticity of this ligament to the weight and position of the head, which is balanced by it as on a steel-yard. With this circumstance in our mind, let us observe the peculiar form of the elephant. One of the grinders of the Elephant weighs seventeen pounds, and of these there are four; the jaws must be provided to give socketing to such teeth, and must have space and strength, to give lodgment and attachment to muscles sufficient for moving this grinding machine: the animal must have its defence too. Now each of the tusks sometimes weighs as much as one hundred and thirteen pounds. To support this enormous and heavy head, the seven vertebræ of the neck of this animal, (the same number that we find in the giraffe,) are compressed in so remarkable a manner as to bring the head close upon the body, making it, as it were, a part of the body without the interposition of a neck. But the animal must feed; and as its head cannot reach the ground, it must possess an instrument like a hand, to minister to the mouth, to grasp the herbage, and lift it to its lips. This instrument we see in the proboscis, or trunk.

Let us now see how the neck and head are accommodated for feeding, when there is no proboscis, and when the animal has a short neck. The Elk is a strange uncouth animal, from the setting on of its head. The weight of the horns is enormous; and if the head and horns were extended forwards from the body on an elongated neck, they would overbalance the body. When we observe, also, the want of relation between the length of the fore-legs and that of the neck, it becomes an interesting circumstance to find, that the animal feeds off the sides of rocks, and does not browse upon the herbage at its feet. A remarkable proof how unable this animal is to feed in the common way, was afforded by an accident which befel a fine specimen



HEAD AND NECK OF THE ELK.

in the Zoological Gardens. His food having been unintentionally scattered on the ground, he was obliged, in order to reach it, to extend his fore-legs laterally; in this position his foot slipped, he dislocated his shoulder, and died of the accident.—*Bridgewater Treatise*; Sir CHARLES BELL on the Hand.

THERE is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it.—BISHOP HORNE.

DURING the course of my life, I have acquired some knowledge of men and manners, in active life, and amidst occupations the most various. From that knowledge, and from all my experience, I now protest that I *never* knew a man that was *bad* fit for any service that was *good*. There was always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound, and spoiling it. The man seems *paralytic* on that side: his *muscles* there have lost their tone and natural properties; they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of anything good is a physical impossibility in such a man. He *could not* if he would, and it is not more certain than that he *would not* if he could, do a good or a virtuous action.—BURKE.

HE who sacrifices religion to wit, like the people mentioned by Ælian, worships a fly, and offers an ox to it.—BISHOP HORNE.

NATIONAL happiness must be produced through the influence of religious laws.—SOUTHEY.

WITH AN ALMANACK ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

If an Almanack teach us that life wears away,

It tells us how short-lived our sorrow;

If it register joys that must quickly decay

It but points out far brighter to-morrow

For then, when the grave shall conclude the brief year

Of earth-born vexations and pleasures,

To the Christian, uprising aloft from the bier,

New worlds shall but open new treasures.

May the lot be my —'s *both* portions to know,

That to mortals or seraphs are given;

On earth, every blessing that earth can bestow,

With reversion of blessings in heaven.—S. C. W.

LONDON:

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.

PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS, PRICE SIXPENCE, AND

Sold by all Booksellers and News-venders in the Kingdom.